

A Family Paper Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

VOL. XXI.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1885.

Office Directory.

The HERALD AND NEWS is now the

Officers Newberry County.

Senator: J. A. SLIGH.

Representatives: SAMPSON POPE, O. L. SCHUMPERT. W. D. HARDY.

Sheriff: W. W. RISER.

Clerk of the Court JAS. Y. MCFALL. Probate Judge:

J. B. FELLERS.

School Commissioner: G. G. SALE. County Commissioners

E. C. LONGSHORE, JOHN A. CROMER, A. J. LIV

Clerk Board County Commissioners J. K. P. GOGGANS.

Coroner: JOHN N. BASS Master:

SILAS JOHNSTONE. Auditor: W. W. HOUSEALL

Treasurer: A. H. WHEELER. Trial Justices:

JOHN S. FAIR, H H. BLEASE, J. S. REID, R. S. DA BSON, J. B. UN. HOLLOWAY, IN. S. SON, JAS. H. IRBY, J. B. CAMPBELL, W. W. WALLACE, CHAS. P. DICKERT, JOHN L. EPPS, B. B. HAIR.

City Officers-Mayor: J. M. JOHNSTONE.

Aldermen: Ward 1 -B. H. CLINE. Ward 2.-O.B.MAYER, JR. Ward 3.-C. A. BOWMAN, Ward 4.-J. K. GILDER.

C. & T. T. C. N.

JOHN S. FAIR. Chief of Police: JOHN II. CHAPPELL. Policemen:

E. P. BRADLLY, H. H. FRANKLIN, W. T. BUCK, GARY ANDERSON. Superintendent of Stree's: W. T. JACKSON

Frace was in all her steps. Heaven in her eye, In every gesture dignity and

So appeared Mother Eve, and so may shine her fair descendants, with the exercise of common sense, care and proper treatment. An enormous number of female complaints are ctly caused by disturbance or suppression of the Menstrua Ennetion. In every such case specific. BRADFIELD'S FE

It is from the recipe of a most distinguished physician. It is composed of strictly officinai ingredients, whose happy combination has never been surpassed. It is prepared with PRESER scientific skill from the finest materials. It bears the palm for constancy of strength, cer-tainty of effect, elegance, of preparation, beauty of appearance and relative cheapness. The testimony in its favor is

genuine. It never fails when fairly tried. BEAUTY Cartersville, Ga. This will certify that two members of my immediate family, after having suffered for many years from menstrual irregularity, and having been treated without benefit by various medical doctors, were at length completely cured by one bottle of Dr. J. Bradfield's Female Regulator. Its effect

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in such cases is truly wonderful, and well may the remedy be called "Woman's Best Friend." Yours Respectfully. Send for our book on the

"Health and Happiness o Woman." Mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR Co.

HEALTH RESTORED

send for Treatise on the Health and Happiness of Woman, mailed free.

Bradfield Regulator Co., Box 28, AtSep. 25-1t.

THE MAN AND THE MONKEY. Once upon a time a man and a monkey

chanced to meet on the highway. "Hello, my long-tailed friend," asked the man, "whither art thou going?"
"Bound for de city," replied the monkey. "Glad to hear it," replied the man.

"I am going there, too, and we will travel together and ne of mutual benefit in case of dan-The monkey grinned a sent, and both wend

ed their way.
"What ails you?" asked the man; "I see you are a sufferer, and can scarcely get along."
"Oh you see," replied the monkey, "my
mudder, she had what you call scrofula, very much scrofula, my farder, he had heap sores, some big little sores, long time. They both took much medicine, and when they d'ed the ores was all they left me."

"Yes, yes," replied the man. "I see how Your mother inherited her disease, scroft la, and your father caught it on the wing, and you inherited or was born with both complaints. Why pine away and die when you can be cur-"I been done used over sixty bottles one

drug store medicine, and it no good. Money all gone and sore here yet. Some doctors charge heap money, but no good."
"But my friend," said the man, "you got hold of the wrong medicine. Go to the drug st re and get one bottle of B. B., and before using all of it you will feel better. It is a quick cure. It will cure all sorts of sores, Scrofula Blood Poison caught on the wing. Itching Ha-mors, Catarrh, Blood and Skin diseases and Kidney Troubles." "I be so thankful for your kindness, and will

go get B. B. B to-day," replied the monkey.

The vemoned shaft hurled at the scrofulous girl-the pitiless cries of that pale and tender infant writhing and moaning with hereditary blood taint-the groans of that stout man confined with running, foul ulcers-the wailings of that wife prostrated with the pangs of theumatism—the exeruciating agonies of those suffering from chronic kidney troubles, the sleepless nights of those colldren terrified with that itching humor of the skin—the wild and the concentrated blood purifier of the day.
Sold in Newberry, S. C., by DR. S. F. FANT.

Oct. 16 84 12.

Poetrn.

BUT DON'T YOU TELL. EBEN E. REXFORD.

Dear Mrs. Jones, I'm glad you called ! I hoped you'd come to-day. Now have you heard what awful things They tell of Elder Gray? You haven't? Why, I heard last night, That some one heard in town, He went to see the Black Crook show, Along with Deacon Brown. But don't you tell-I'm sure you won't !

Perhap: it isn't so; But, really, that is what they say-I don't pretend to know. Now, Mrs. Jones, do you suppose

That Mr. Smith will cheat? I'm told by those who ought to know He swindles on his meat. Two ounces short a pound, they say, And just the same on tea, And he a member in the church.

Along with you and me ! But don't you tell-I'm sure you won't! Perhaps it isn't so; But, really, that is what they say-I don't pretend to know.

They say that Thompson and his wife Just quarrel night and day. He'sjealous. We'll perhaps there's cause; That's not for me to say. The way that woman puts on airs-New hat and diamond ring,

And gad, gad, gadding all the time, With beaux upon her string. But don't you tell-I'm sure you won't! Perhaps it isn't so; But, really, that is what they say-

I don't pretend to know. They say that Mrs. Johnson's got A new silk dress, and she Don't pay her washing bill, I'm told-It came quite straight to me. It's hinted that her husband drinks And gambles on the sly; But then folks gossip so, you know,

But thank my stars, not I! Now don't you tell-I'm sure you won't These things may not be so; But, really, that is what they say-I don't pretend to know.

Serial Story.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER L FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CARAVAN.

Wake up, or Ill break every bone in your skin." The afternoon was still very warm, but a

gray mist, drifting from the Irish channel and sailing eastward over the low-lying Island of Anglesea, was beginning to scatter a thin, penetrating drizzle on the driver of the cara-To right and left of the highway stretched

a bleck and bare prospect of marshland and moorland, closed to the west by asky of everdeepening redness, and relieved here and there by black clumps of stunted woodland. Here and there peoped a solitary farmhouse, with outlying fields of swampy greenness, where lean and spectral cattle were lugubriously grazing; and ever and anon came a glimpse of some lonely lake or tarn, fringed all around with thick sedges, and dotted with water-lilies. The road was as desolate as the prospect, with not a living soul upon it, far as the eye could see. To all this, however, the driver of the caravan paid little attention, owing to the simple fact that he was fast

He was roused by a sudden jolting and swaying of the clumsy vehicle, combined with a sound of splacking water; and, opening his eyes sleepily, he perceived that the gray mar-had turned aside from the centre of the road. and, having plicidly entered a stagnant pond on the road-side, was floundering and struggling in the mud thereof, with the caravan rocking behind her. At the same moment a head was thrust round the back part of the vehicle. and an angry voice exclaimed:

"Tim, you scoundrel, where the devil are you driving to? Wake up or I'll break every bone in your skin." Thus addressed, Tim woke himself with ar effort, and, looking round with an insinuating smile, replied:

"Begorra, Master Charles, I thought it was an earthquake entirely- Come out of that now! Is it wanting to drownd yourself you are? G-r-r-! Sh! Aisy now, aisy!"

The latter portion of the above sentence was addressed to the mare, which was at last persuaded to wade out of the cool mud and return to the dusty track, where she stood quivering and panting. No sooner was the return to terra firma accomplished than s light, agile figure descended the steps at the back of the caravan, and ran round to the front. An excited colloquy, angry on the one side and apologetic on the other, ensued, and did not cease even when the driver, with a flick of his whip, put the caravan again in motion, while the other strode alongside on

It was just such a caravan as may be seen any summer day forming part of the camp on an English common, with the swart face of a gypsy woman looking out at the door, and half-a-dozen ragged imps and elves rolweird appearance of those unfortunate victims | ling on the gras eneath; as may be obred in wickerwork of all desimilar diseases indicate an impure condition scriptions, or glittering pots or pans, moving was thickly mixed with iron gray, fell almost the fact that we were cut of our reckoning, of the blood, and all of which can be cured in an incredibly short time by the use of B. B. B., an incredibly short time by the use of B. B. B., velveteen coat and a hareskin cap, and at tended by a brawny hussy, also smothered in Monk turned his horse round with a fierce water. The sun was shining brightly, the Oct. 16 84 12.

A week at home. \$500 outfit free Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co. Nov 2—1y.

Wicket work to descried forming pair of more, may be descried forming pair of procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good pricting forming pair of more, may be descried forming pair of procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good pricting forming pair of procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good pricting forming pair of procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good pricting forming part of procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good pricting forming part of procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good pricting forming part of procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good pricting forming procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good pricting forming procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good process of the procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good process of the process of the process of the procession of a traveling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good process of the process of t wickerwork or pots and pans; as, further-

hind, ornamented with a knocker, and only lacking a door-plate to make it quite com-

plete; in short, a house on wheels.

The driver, though rough enough, and red with the sun and wind, had nothing in common with the ordinary drivers of such vehicles and, in point of fact, he was neither a gypsy nor a traveling tinker, nor a circus performer. Though it was summer time, he wore a large freize coat, descending almost to his heels. and on his head a wideawake hat-underneath which his lazy, beardless, and somewhat sheepish face shone with indolent good humor. His companion, Master Charles, as he was called, bore still less resemblance to the Bohemians of English lanes and woodlands. He was a slight, handsome, fair-haired young fellow, of two or three and twenty, in the tweed attire of an ordinary summer tourist; and every movement he made, every word he spoke, implied the "gentleman born."

Presently, at a signal from his master (such he was), Tim drew rein again. By this time the sun was setting fiery red, far away to the west, and the thin drizzle was becoming more persistent. "How far did they say it was to Pencroes?

"Ten miles, sor." "The mare is tired out, I think. have to camp by the roadside."

"All right, Master Charles. There's handy shelter beyant there where you see the trees," Tim added, pointing up the road with his whip. The young man looked in that direction, and saw, about a quarter of a mile away, that the highway entered a dark clump of woodland. He nodded assent and walked rapidly forward, while the caravan followed slowly in his rear.

market.

byways of North Wales.

tation. To be able to go where one pleased,

to dawdle as one pleases, to stop and sleep

where one pleased, was certainly a new san-

sation. My friends, observing my sluggish

ways, had often compared me to that inter-

sting creature, the snail; now the resem-

lance was complete, for I was a snail indeed,

"Of course, the caravan has its inconveni-

ences. Inside, to quote the elegant simile of

to swing a cat in; and when my bed is made,

and Tim's hammock is swung just inside the

door, the place forms the tiniest of sleeping

are primitive, and, as Tim has no idea what-

doubtful 'stirabout,' there is a certain want

under the impression that we constitute

exposed, moreover, to ebullitions of bucolic

humor, which have taken the form of horse-

play on more than one occasion. Tim has had several fights with the Welsh peasantry,

and has generally come off victorious, though

on one occasion he would have been over-

powered by numbers if I had not gone, to his

assistance. Generally speaking, nothing will remove from the rural population an idea

that the caravan forms an exhibition of some

sort. When I airily alight and stroll through

a village, sketchbook in hand, I have inva-

riably at my heels a long attendant train of

all ages, obviously under the impression that

we generally halt for the night in some se-

formed, is chiefly famous for its pigs and

ts wild ducks. So far as I have yet explored

it I find it flat and desolate enough; but I

have been educated in Irish landscapes, and

don't object to flatness when combined with

these bleak stretches of melancholy moor-

"At the present moment I am encamped in

pain for days. I came upon it quite by ac-

cident about midday yesterday, when on my

way to the market town of Pencroes; or,

rather, when I imagined that I was going

thither, while I had, in reality, after hesitat-

ing at three cross-roads, taken the road which

knolls or hillocks, or strewed with huge

with drifted sand as to be scarcely recogniz-

able, and I need hardly say that it was hard

work for one horse to pull the caravan along.

"We had proceeded in this manner for

some miles, and I was beginning to realize

dow land, and beyond it a glorified piece of

water sparkled like a mirror, calm as glass,

and without a breath. As we appeared a

large heron rose from the spot on the water

side where he had been standing-

land, these wild lakes and lagoons.

To avoid these and similar inconv

going to 'perform.'

ever in the culinary art, beyond being able to

oil potatoes in their skins and make very

chambers. Then our cooking arrangeme

our progenitors, there is scarcely room enoug

with my house comfortably fixed upon my

shoulders, crawling tranquilly along.

Reaching the point where the wood began and entering the shadow of the trees, he soon found a spot well fitted for his purpose. To the left the road widened out into a grassy patch of common, adorned with one or two bushes of stunted brown, and stretched out a dusty arm to touch a large white gate, which opened on a gloomy, grass-grown avenue winding right through the heart of the wood. The caravan, coming slowly up, was soon placed in a snug position not far from the gate, the horse was taken out and suffered to graze, while Tim, searching about, found some dry sticks and began to light a fire. Diving into the caravan the young man re emerged with a camp-stool, on which he sat down, lighted a meerschaum pipe and began te They could hear the rain faintly pat

tering in the boughs above them, but the spothey had chosen was quite sheltered and dry The fire soon blazed up. Entering the car avan in his turn, Tim brought out a tin kettle full of water, and placed it on the fire, pre paratory to making tea. He was thus en gaged when the sound of a horse's hoofs was

heard along the highway, and presently the figure of a horseman appeared, approaching at a rapid trot. As it came near to the group on the wayside, the horse shied viothe other, so that its rider, a dark, middleaged man, in an old-fashioned clock, was almost thrown from the saddle. Uttering a herce cath, he recovered himself, and reining in the frightened animal, looked angrily around: then, seeing the cause of the mis hance, he forced his horse, with no small difficulty, to approach the figures by the fire. "Who are you?" he demanded, in harsh, what are you doing

The young man, pipe in mouth, looked up at him with a smile, but made no reply.
"What are you? Vagrants? Do you know this place is private?" And he pointed with his riding-whip to a

printed "Notice!" fixed close to the gate upon the stem of a large fir tree.
"I beg your pardon," said the young man, with the utmost sang froid; imagine, on the queen's highway, and there,

with your permission, we purpose to remain Struck by the superior manner of the speaker, the newcomer looked at him in some surprise, but with no abatement of his haughty manner. He then glanced at Tim, who was busy with the kettle, from Tim to the gray mare, and from the gray mare to the house on wheels. 'The scowl on his dark face deepened, and he turned his fierce eyes

'Let me warn you that these grounds are private. I suffer no wandering vagabonds to pass that gate." "May I ask your name?" said the young

again on the young man.

man, in the same cool tone and with the same quiet smile. "What is my name to you? "Well, not much, only I should like to know

the title of so very amiable a person." The other condescended to no reply, bu walked his horse toward the gate. "Here, fellow," he cried, addressing Tim. Open this gate for me!"

"Don't stir!" said his master. "Let our amiable friend open the gate for himself." With an angry exclamation the rider leaped from his saddle, and, still holding the horse's eins, threw the gate wide open. Then, still leading his horse, he strode over toward the young man, who, looking up, saw that he was early six feet high, and very powerfully

"My name is Monk, of Monkshurst," he "I've a good mind to teach you to remember it."



"Don't be afraid," was the reply. "Monk, of Monkshurst? I shall be certain not to forget it, Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst! Tim, is

the water boiling?"

For a moment Mr. Monk, as he called him self, seemed ready to draw his riding whip across the young man's face, but, conquering nimself, he surveyed him from head to foot with savage anger. Nothing daunted, the young man returned his stare with something very like supreme contempt. At last, mutter-ing beneath his breath, Mr. Monk turned away, and, leading his horse into the avenue. closed the gate and remounted; but even then he did not immediately depart, but remained for some minutes, seated in the saddle, scowling over at the encampment.

Thus occupied, his face and figure set in the gloomy framework of the trees, he looked even more forbidding than before. His face, though naturally handsome, was dark with tempestuous passions, his eyes deep-set and fierce, his clean-shaven jaw square and de-For the rest, his black hair, which At last, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, Mr. jerk of the rein, and rode rapidly away in

the shadow of the wood. CHAPTER II. LEAVES FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S JOUR-NAL.

'Still as a stone, without a sound, Above his dim blue shade'-"Before setting forth on this memorable and sailed leisurely away. Around the lake,

with a chimney atop for the smoke to come through from the fire inside, with a door be through from the fire inside in the fire inside notes of my adventures, with a view to futween these sandhills I caught a sparkling ture publication, illustrated by my own brilliant sketches. I fear the promise was a glimpse of more water, and, guided to my conclusion by the red sail of a fishing smack rash one-firstly, because I am constitutionjust glimmering on the horizon line, I knew ally lazy and averse to literary exertion; and, that farther water was—the sea. secondly, because I have, as yet, met with no "The spot had all the attraction of comadventures worth writing about. Not that I plete desolation, combined with the charm have altogether lost my first enthusiasm for

which always, to my mind, pertains to lakes the idea. There would be novelty in the and lagoons. Eager as a boy or a loosened title, at any rate, 'Cruises in a Caravan,' by retriever, I ran across the meadow and found Charles Brinkley, with illustrations by the the grass long and green and sown with inauthor; photographic frontispiece, the Caranumerable crowsfoot flowers; underneath van, with Tim as large as life, smirking selfthe green was sand again, but here it glimconsciously in delight at having his pictur? mered like golddust. As I reached the sedges taken. My friend B-has promised to find on the lake side a teal rose, in full summer me a publisher, if I will only persevere. plumage, wheeled swiftly round the lake, Well, we shall see. If the book does not then, returning, splashed down boldly and progress it will be entirely my own fault; for swam within a stone's throw of the shore, I have any amount of time on my hands. Paint as hard as I may all day, I have alwhen, peering through the rushes, I caught a glimpse of his mate paddling anxiously along ways the long evenings, when I must either with eight little fluffs of down behind her. write, read or do nothing. Then, just outside the sedges, I saw the golden "So I am beginning this evening, exactly a shield of water broken by the circles of rising fortnight after my first start from Chester. I trout. It was too much. I hastened back to

purchased the caravan there from a morose the caravan and informed Tim that I had ndividual, with one eye, who had it built no intention of going any farther—that day, with a view to the exhibition of a Wild Men of Patagonia; but said Wild Man having "So here we have been since yesterday, and taken it into his head to return to County up to this, have not set eyes upon a single Cork, where he was born, and the morose insoul. Such peace and quietness is a foretaste dividual having no definite idea of a novelty to of Paradise. As this is the most satisfactory take his place, the caravan came into the day I have yet spent in my pilgrimage, al Having secured this traveling though it bears, at the same time, a family palace, duly furnished with window-blinds. likeness to the other days of the past forta piece of carpet, a chair-bedstead, a table, a night, I purpose setting down, verbatim, stove, cooking utensils, not to speak of my seriatim. d chronologically, the manner in which I. ied myself from dawn to sunown artistic paraphernalia, I sent over to Muirany, County Mayo, for my old servant, Tim-na-Chalnig, or Tim o' the Ferry-other-

"6 A. M.-Wake, and see that Tim has alwise Tim Linney; and with his assistance eady disappeared, and folded up his hamwhen he arrived, I purchased a strong mare mock. Observe the morning sun looking in at Chester Fair. All these preliminaries being settled, we started one fine morning with a fresh, cheery countenance at the winoon after daybreak, duly bound for exploradow. Turn over again with a yawn, and go tions along the macadamized highways and to sleep for another five minutes.

7:15 A. M.-Wake again, and discover, by "I am pleased to say that Tiri, after he looking at my watch, that, instead of five had recovered the first shock of steing a periminutes, I have slept an hour and a quarter. pring un at once, and slip on shirt and patetic dwelling house, took to the idea wonderfully. 'Sure it's just like the ould cabin at trousers; then pass out, barefooted, into the home, he averred, 'barrin' the wheels, and pen air. No sign of Tim, but a fire is the windies, and the chimley, and the baste to ighted close to the caravan, which shadows pull it along; and I think the resemblance it from the rays of the morning sun. Stroll would have been complete in his eyes if there down to the lake, and throwing off what had only been two or three pigs to trot marrily behind the back door. As for myself, I garments I wear, prepare for a bath. Cannot get out for a swim on account of the took to the nomad life as naturally as if I reeds. The bath over, return and finish my had never in my life been in a civilized habi-

toilet in the caravan. "SAM.—Tim has reappeared. He has been right down to the seashore, a walk of about two miles and a half. He informs me, to my disgust, that there is some sort of a human settlement there, and a lifeboat station. He has brought back in his baglet, as specimens of the local products, a dozen new-laid eggs, some milk, and a loaf of bread. The last, I observe, is in a fossil state. I ask who sold it him. He answers, William Jones.

"8:30 A. M.—We breakfast splendidly. Even the fossil loaf yields sustenace, after it is co up and dissolved in hot tea. Between whiles Tim informs me that the settlement down yonder is, in his opinion, a poor sort of a place. There are several whitewashed cottages and a large, roofless house, for all the world like a church. Devil the cow or pig did he see at all, barrin' a few hens, Any boats, I ask. Yes, one, with the bottom knockey out belonging to William Jones. "This was got this name so pat that my curiosity begins to be aroused. deuce is William Jones? 'Sure, thin,' says

of variety in our repasts.
"Besides the inconveniences which I have mentioned, but which were, perhaps, hardly worth chronicling, the caravan has social Tim, 'he's the man that lives down beyant, by drawbacks, more particularly embarrassing the sea.' I demand, somewhat irritably, to a modest man like myself. It is confusing the place contains only one inhabitant? Devi for example, on entering a town, or good sized village, to be surrounded by the entire another did Tim see, he explains-barrin' juvenile population, who cheer us vociferously, "9:30 A.M.—Start painting in the open air, 'show,' and afterward, on ascertaining their under the shade of a large white cotton ummistake, pursue us with opprobrious jeers; brella. Paint on till 1 P. M. "1 P. M.-Take a long walk among the and it is distressing to remark that our mode of life, instead of inviting confidence, causes us to be regarded with suspicion by the vicar of the parish and the local policemen. We are

sandhills, avoiding the settlement beyond the lake. Don't want to meet any of the aboriginals, more particularly William Jones. Walking here is like running up and down Altantic billows, assuming said billows to be solid; now I am lost in the trough of the sand, now I re-emerge on the crest of the solid wave. Amusing, but fatiguing. I soon lose myself, every hillock being exactly like another. Suddenly a hare starts from under my feet and goes leisurely away. I remember an old amusement of mine in the west of Ireland, and I track Puss by her footprintsnow clearly and beautifully printed in the soft sand of the hollows, now more faintly marked on the harder sides of the ridges. The sun blazes down, the refraction of the I am looking for a suitable 'pitch,' and am heat from the sand is overpowering, the air is quivering, sparkling and pulsating, as if full of innumerable sand crystals. A horrible crosk from overhead startles me, and cluded spot-some roadside nook or outlying looking up I see an enormous raven whee along in circles and searching the ground for mice or other prey.

common. But there is a fatal attraction in the caravan; it seems to draw spectators, as "Looking at my watch, I find that I have it were, out of the very bowels of the earth. been toiling in this sandy wilderness for quite No matter how desolate the place we have two hours. Time to get back and dine. Climb the nearest hillock, and look round to chosen, we have scarcely made ourselves comfortable when an audience gathers, and stragglers drop in, amazed and open-mouthed. discover where I am. Can see nothing but found it irksome at first to paint in the open the sandy billows on every side, and am air, with a gazing crowd at my back making entirely at a loss which way to go. At last, udible comments on my work as it proafter half an hour's blind wandering, stumble, by accident, on the read by the lake side, cressed; but I soon got used to it, and, havng discovered certain good 'subjects' here and see the caravan in the distance. and there among my visitors, I take the pub-"4 P. M.-Dinner. Boiled potatoes, boiled licity now as a matter of course. Even when

eggs, fried bacon. Tim's cooking is primbusy inside I am never astonished to see litive, but I could devour anything strange noses flattened against the windows | William Jones' fossil bread. I asked if any -strange faces peeping in at the door. The human being has visited the camp. 'Sorra human temperament accustoms itself to any- one,' Tim says, looking rather disappointed. He has got to feel himself a public character, "I begin this record in the Island of Angleand misses the homage of the vulgar. sea, where we have arrived after our fort-night's wanderings in the more mountainous "Paint again till 6 P. M. districts of the mainland. Anglesea, I am in-

"A beautiful sunset. The sandhills grow rosy in the light, the lake deepens from crimson to purple, the moon comes cut like a silver sickle over the sandy sea. A thought seizes me as the shadows increase. Now is the time to entice the pink trout from their depths in the lake. I get out my fishing rod and line, desolation. I like these dreary meadows, and, stretching two or three flies which seem suitable, prepare for action. My rod is only a small, single-handed one, and it is difficult to cast beyond the sedges, but the fish are risa spot where, in all probability, I shall reling thickly out in the tranquil pools, and, de termined not to be beaten, I wade in to the knees. Half a dozen trout, each about the size of a small herring, reward my enterprise. When I have captured them, the moon is high up above the sand hills, and it is quite dark. "Such is the chronicle of the past day. By led in exactly the opposite direction. The the light of my lamp inside the caravan I way was desolate and dicary beyond meas- have written it down. It has been all very ure-stretches of morass and moorland on tranquil and uneventful, but very delightful every side, occasional'y rising into heathery and a day to be marked with a white stone, in one respect—that from dawn to sunset I have not set eyes on a human being except Stop, though! I am wrong. Just as I

pieces of stones like the moors of Cornwall. Presently the open moorland ended, my servant. and we entered a region of sandy hillocks, sparsely ornamented here and was returning from my piscatorial excursion there with long, harsh grass. If one to the lake, I saw, passing along the road in could imagine the waves of the ocean, at the direction of the sea, a certain solitary some moment of wild agitation, suddenly horseman, who accosted me not too civilly on the road side the night before last. He frozen to stillness, and returning intact these tempestuous forms, it would give some idea scowled at me in passing, and, of course, recoff the hillocks I am describing. They rose on ognized me by the aid of the caravan. His every side of the road, completely shutting name is Monk, of Monkshurst, and he seems to be pretty well morarch of all he surveys. out the view, and their pale, livid yellowness, scarcely relieved with a glimpse of I have an impression that Mr. Monk, of greenness, was wearisome and lonely in the Monkshurst, and myself are destined to be extreme. As we advanced among them, the better, or worse, acquainted." road we were pursuing grew worse and worse, till it became so choked and covered

(TO BE CONTINUED) Washington has 180 churches with 49.351 members.

Nebraska has set out 4,500,000 trees the past year.

Florida, is larger than ever known. Mexico is shipping considerable fruit, especially oranges, to this counCorrespondence.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent. WASHINGTON, D. C., June 8. If the new officials connected with the Pension Office desire to get their hands in upon the subject of investigations. I would recommend as a good field for the business the highly moral City of Brotherly Love, Philadelpia, where the pension agent is

thing not to be placidly borne. It

nated with all sorts of political dia- always shown that a good boy proved her alive in the bread oven.

the few offices here. that provision of the statute in Sec. 190, R. S. which prohibits any clerk or other person who has been in the service of the Government, from pro secuting any pending claim before any of the departments within a period of two years after his connection with the service has ceased. The intent shall not permit itself to be placed to a disadvantage in the adjudication of claims, is so apparent that I won-

in enforcing it to the letter. the Government in a single day, is heralded as a masterpiece of rapid to muster, makes the heart thrill with murderers were in. work in the Pension Office that has pleasurable delight, and with wonder never been equalled. I would im- that it could be possible. press upon the memory of Commisof pensions granted in a given time, were open, palpable and diabolical

He Marries His Sweetheart's

The marriage of George Finlay, the historian of ancient Greece and for many years correspondent of the Finlay had become attached to a in the delight expressed by the fifty- given by the kobachnik, seized the beautiful Armenian girl at Constantinople, and, as her family would never have consented to her marbe placed in the box. Her sister, even to monarch or king. equally lovely, thought it a pity that The strawberry crop in eastern once. - San Francisco Alta.

typo, as he kept working on.

WHAT WE SEE--WHAT WE DON'T SEE; WHAT WE LIKE TO SEE-WHAT WE DON'T LIKE TO SEE.

BY THREE-SCORE.

Boys let us have another talk, a little reasoning together, for we love you, yes, we love you, and we want village of Kogoshua a terrible murder you to be the right kind of boys, and was lately committed. A Russian grow up the right kind of men, for be- peasant, who had been to the village ing the one you will most assuredly to sell a pair of oxen, was returning be the other. You comprehend this home with his daughter, a girl of 14 don't you? What finer sight can one years, when on his way he stopped at see than a noble, upright hoy. An kobach (a drinking house) three honest, truthful, industrious boy is miles from town. In the place were said to have been paying pensions to always to be admired. Chiefest among several suspicious-looking persons, numerous parties who have been de- the virtues with which a boy's char- who noticed the peasant's money funct for lo! these many years, to acter should be adorned, however, is when he paid for his drink. The unsay nothing of a small regiment of a love for father and mother; for suspecting man left the house and widows who have also been the re- show us a boy full of love for his went on his way. Soon after, under cipients of Uncle Sam's bounty, after parents, and we at once say that he cover of the darkness, he was asthey had thriftily provided themselves is the right kind of a boy. "Mother saulted and killed. After rifling the love" never hurt a boy or girl yet, and corpse the murderers threw the The civilities that are due to the in spite of his being tied to his moth body of their unfortunate victim into people from their public servants, er's apron string (as some foolishly a well. The girl, who had been a should prompt the latter to furnish remark) being a sign of weakness, we witness of her father's murder, reseats in the corridors of the several say that it is a lower of strength, turned to the house where her father departments for the accommodation and a shield which shall ever protect had stopped, and informed the owner and comfort of their employers, and keep him in time of danger and of what had occurred. He told the the people. To have men and women calamity. Boy's you cannot show a girl to keep quiet, and persuaded waiting hour after hour with no place greater strength of character than in her to stay at his place during the to rest their weary limbs, after their the fullness of love for your moth night, and he would see what could tramping excursions through our in- er. It should be your pride to show be done in the morning. Hardly had terminable thoroughfares, is some- that love on all occasions; never be he and his wife had time to put the ashamed of it. Since God gave girl to bed with his own daughter, a would seem that it would be entirely you birt i, a mother's love has girl of the same age, before the mur-

feasible to have a waiting-room fur- been around and about you; but for derers returned. nished with proper seating facilities her care and loving ministrations for the use of the great number of vou might have been a rag-muffin or people who have business with the a good for naught. Love your moth- whereupon they avowed their intener then, and you may be pretty cer-It is a somewhat sad commentary tain that you will be a good boy, and by cutting the throat of the innocent pon the morals of the population of have the esteem, and the confidence, child. The kobachnik objected to the District of Columbia, when the and the good will of your elders, and this mode of dispatching the girl, as President is said to be looking else- will grow up to be a good man. We have the body might be discovered, and where for men to fill the District of never yet seen a bad, or vicious boy be an easy means of identifying him fices. I know that the air of the prove to be a good man, while on as an accessory of the murder of her capital must necessarily be impreg- the other hand our experience has and her father. He proposed to burn bolism, but I really supposed that in the end a good man. Men can be half a dozen good men might be dis- pointed out to-day who were poor

pride to his parents and his country. of this law, that the Government file taking part in a Sunday School preparations of the villains for her der that there should be any hesita- Jesus" or other appropriate songs. cept a window, which was fastened tion upon the part of any department To us here at home who never see with a large nail, the only other The granting of 550 pensions by ones gathered on the green sward, which she had been brought, and such an army as Brooklyn was able which led directly to the room the

sioner Black the fact that his prede- for the children of Brooklyn is the cessors in office have declared that day on which the annual Sunday ninety per cent. of a given number School celebration and parade occurs. It was observed on Wednesday of Involuntarily she grasped it, then last week with the usual exercises of laid it down. Suddenly an idea marching, singing anniversary hymns, seemed to seize her. Turning tofrauds. I think in these pension and listening to addresses. Along matters that it were better to make many of the streets where the children marched the houses were gayly decorated with flags and bunting in on that of her sleeping companion, honor of the occasion. One division of twenty-two schools had 14,000 her face so as to conceal the features. children in line; another division of twenty schools had 8,000, another 6,000. In all about 55,000 children took part in the parade. This annual she rested on the front of the bed. turn-out of the children is a sight Then the desperate girl crawled over which brings to Brooklyn strangers London Times at Athens, was at even from distant parts, and is worth tended by considerable romance. a long journey to see it and to share description

five thousand paraders." Speaking of crowds and celebra- over her face and threw her into the tions the mind must be impressed oven. - After completing their terririage with the young Scotchman, de- with the magnitude and magnificence ble work they went to sleep, thus termined to elope with her. A yatch of the display recently made in Paris, giving the other girl a chance to of an English friend was to take the the most glorious city of the world, escape. She immediately made her couple to Greece, and it was ar. on the burial ceremonies of Victor way to town and gave information to ranged that the young lady was to Hugo, the greatest lyric poet France the police. No time was lost, and a be got on board in a box prepared has ever produced. We should like posse of officers, under the guidance for the purpose. When the eventful to have seen this ceremony, which is of the girl, soon had the murderers moment came the girl became fright- said to have exceeded in grandeur in custody. ened and refused to allow herself to and pomp, and size and music any that has ever before been extended The remains of Victor Hugo were

the romantic arrangement should not laid to rest in the Pantheon, at Paris, be taken advantage of, and entered on Monday, with great pomp and cerherself the box in place of her sister. emony. Although rain fell through I suppose Finlay must have been cation in the early morning of more to death by her clothing catching considerably surprised when the box rain during the day, hundreds of fire. was opened in the cabin of the yacht thousands of people were abroad at and not his sweetheart, but her sis- daybreak, crowding the streets and ter was revealed, dressed in midship. boulevards through which the great man's uniform. The brother of the procession was to move. Owing to the young lady had discovered the affair sands were compelled to bivouac in the globe. and was quickly on board the yacht the open air all night. The windows to demand explanation. Finlay saw along the route of the funeral proonly one course before him. The cession were let at from 300 to 1,000 francs each. Six orations were de- places on the Pacific coast that hungirl had been compromised; he would livered under the Arc de Tromphe in dreds of laborers are kept amployed marry her. The brother giving his the presence of large numbers of il- thinning out the fruit. consent, the marriage took place at lustrious men of France. The head of the procession reached the Pan- "What is education?" asked a theon at 1:45 o'clock, but so exten- writer. Well, it is something the "How's business?" asked a tramp printer, as he walked into the newsroom. "Picking up," answered a the part of the Communistic element man. Then he has to begin all over as was feared.

A Brave Russian Giri. HOW SHE SAVED HERSELF FROM A HOR-

RIBLE DEATH.

No. 25.

The correspondent of Novostey Dna (Daily News) writes that, near the

The kobachnik (saloon-keeper) acquainted them of the girl's return, tion of completing their bloody work

To this the others consented, and accordingly he ordered his wife to covered somewhere, who would be boys and who were taken in hand in prepare for the burning of the girl. competent and honest enough to fill vouth because of the signs of good- When the oven was ready he directed ness shown by them. This is true his accomplice to take the girl, who It is said that some of the depart- every time boys, mark it well, and re- was lying on the cutains of the ments, at least, are going to enforce member it. Would that every boy with a yellow handkerchief bound who reads the HERALD AND NEWS around her head, and throw her into would grow to be an honor and a the oven. At the same time he cantioned them to be quick in their We would have been glad could work in order to prevent her making we have witnessed Brooklyn's happy an outcry. The girl, nervous and day as described by the New York agitated by the dreadful work of Observer. What a glorious sight, fif- the night, had not gone to sleep. ty-five thousand children rank and She breathlessly listened to the celebration. What a jubilant sound own murder. Quietly rising from must that number of happy children the bed, she looked about for a have made as they sang "Come to means of escape, but saw none exmore than a hundred or two little means of exit being the door through

> The terror-stricken girl looked about in hopes of finding some "The happiest day of all the year weapon of defense to use as a last resort. There was nothing in the place but a cup filled with water. ward the bed she untied the yellow handkerchief about her and tied it taking care to draw it well down on Then grasping the sleeping girl by the shoulder, she rolled her over till to the inside and waited. The murgirl with the yellow handkerchief

An Indian doctor in Utah recently lost a patient and was promptly stoned to death by his tribe.

Mrs. William Runkle, of Bernville,

The United States produces nearly 50,000 lawn mowers annually, and exports to every civilized country on

Fruit trees are so heavily laden in